(22)

A POEM ON THE Glorious PEACE OF *UTRECHT:*

Inſcrib'd in the YEAR 1713,

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT

Late Earl of OXFORD and Earl MORTIMER.

By B. HIGGONS, Eſq;

Now publiſh'd and moſt humbly dedicated to the Preſent RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD

Earl of OXFORD and Earl MORTIMER.

Nobis hæc otia fecit, Virg.

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD

Earl of OXFORD and Earl MORTIMER.

My LORD,

NOTHING could excuse my Presumption in Addressing myself to Your Lordship on this Occasion, but the indisputable Right which Your Lordship has to the Patronage of this POEM, *which was written to do Justice to the Merit of your Illustrious Father: The Glorious Peace of* Utrecht, *so much to the Interest and Honour of* Great Britain, *will not be more lastingly conveyed to Posterity in the* Records *and* Annals *of* England, *than in the immortal Lines of this* POEM; *in which the Author, by a Spirit of Prophecy, affirmed of the Time he wrote, what we have more universally seen accomplished at this very Day.*

While *Harley*'s Breast with conscious Merit glows,
His Patience triumphs, and defeats his Foes,
Who see that Wisdom they oppos'd so long,
And own their Folly to repair the Wrong.

THIS *we have seen so exactly verified at this instant of Time, that the greatest Part of his most*

mortal Enemies, nay, the moſt remarkable of his violent Proſecutors have retracted their pretended ill Opinion of that Great Man, and in ſome of their late Writings, have done Juſtice to that Wiſdom and Vertue, which they were not aſhamed at that Time ſo ſcandalouſly to attack.

THIS POEM *being entirely out of Print, and falling into my Hands, I thought I could not do any thing more acceptable to the Town, than to renew their Pleaſure by Re-printing what they received with ſo univerſal Satisfaction, when it was firſt publiſhed. Beſides, I thought it a kind of Juſtice to the Author, as well as to the Memory of the great Subject whom he celebrates, to reſcue from the Danger of Oblivion a Piece, which by being in ſo few Hands might be almoſt loſt to Poſterity. Though it is uſual and neceſſary for all Dealers to recommend their own Wares; I need ſay nothing in Commendation of this Excellent* POEM; *eſpecially to Your Lordſhip, whoſe delicate Taſte makes You the moſt competent Judge of its Beauties. The Value of the Preſent, can only atone for the Meaneſs of the Donor, whoſe Preſumption, I flatter myſelf on that very Conſideration, Your Lordſhip's Candour and Goodneſs will pardon, in my Lord,*

Your LORDSHIP's

Moſt Obedient and

Moſt humble Servant,

Patrick Meighan.

A

POEM

ON THE

Glorious PEACE of *Utrecht*, &c.

WHILE no Repulſe thy Courage can abate,
Nor Danger cool thy Zeal to ſave the State;
By Heav'n inſpir'd, thy Councils Heav'n muſt pleaſe,
Nor are they longer Councils, but Decrees;
For this glad Day each grateful *Briton* bows,
And reſcu'd *Europe* pays her humble Vows.

If, for *each Life* preſerv'd, as *Rome* decreed,
A *Civick* Crown were the Preſerver's Meed;
Not *Albion*'s Oaks, tho' ſtript of all their Boughs,
Can furniſh *Garlands* to adorn thy Brows.

Diſdain not then, what *Atticus* embrac'd,
Great *Scipio* cheriſh'd, and *Auguſtus* grac'd.
The Muſe, in every Age, the virtuous Prize,
The Muſe, Companion to the Great and Wiſe:
Tho' Princes Honours grant, and Titles give,
Thoſe Titles, only, by her Sanction live;
In Leaves of Braſs ſhe graves the Hero's Name,
Of Honour Guardian, Regiſter of Fame;
Records deſtroy'd, and, all thy Patents *loſt*,
This *laſting* Verſe Eternity ſhall boaſt.
Then Wing, my Muſe, to mount the glorious Height,
While Crouds, with wondering Eyes, purſue thy Flight;
And, if they *loſe* thee, 'tis for *want* of *Sight*.

A potent

A potent Faction, turbulent, and bold,
With undiſputed Sway, had long controll'd;
The Nation plunder'd, to ſupport their State,
And bought their Greatneſs with their Country's Fate:
When *Britain*, long, with num'rous Wrongs oppreſt,
Now ſaw thoſe Evils, which ſhe wiſh'd redreſt:
Her Treaſures ſpent, her Blood, like Water, ſpilt,
While *both*, ſo ill employ'd, increas'd the Guilt:
A long Decay her periſh'd Vitals feel,
While balmy Peace her Wounds cou'd only heal;
Peace ſhe demanded, but her Sons deny'd,
And more extorted, as ſhe more ſupply'd:
Againſt her Honour, and her Rights, combin'd,
In Leagues, abroad, to *both* deſtructive, join'd;
Some Pow'rs they bought, themſelves to others ſold;
Brib'd, and were brib'd again, with foreign Gold:
Thus *private* Views deſtroy'd the *Publick* Good,
And *Strangers* reap'd the Fruits of *Britiſh* Blood.
No Spoils of *Iſter*, *Moſa*, or the *Scheld*,
Their Avarice cloy'd, or Luſt of Empire quell'd;

Abroad ſupported, they at home give Law,
Inſult their Miſtreſs, and their Soveraign awe;
Treat Kingly Pow'r, and Heav'n, with equal Pride,
Who ſcorns the Gift, the Giver will deride;
They, both, alike, unneceſſary deem'd,
For never yet was Rebel, but blaſphem'd.

This HARLEY ſaw, and touch'd with pious Grief,
Flew to his Country's, and his Queen's Relief;
Their mutual Good purſu'd with ſteady View,
And on his Head the Faction's Vengeance drew:
Long, like a Rock, unmov'd the Patriot ſtood,
And bravely ſtem'd the ſtrong impetuous Flood;
Till Threats, at laſt, and Inſolence prevail'd,
When black * Deſigns of Subornation fail'd.
Him ST. JOHN follow'd, proud to be diſgrac'd,
With *Harcourt* join'd, the generous Cauſe embrac'd:
The LEADER's Fate intimidates the reſt,
So, uncontroll'd, they plunder'd and oppreſt.

* In the Caſe of *Gregg*, who under Sentence of Death was tempted to accuſe his Maſter, Mr. *Harley*, then Secretary of State.

But bounteous Heav'n diſtreſt *Europa* ſaw
A Prey to Rapine, while the Sword gave Law;
Whole Countries waſte, where, once, ripe Harveſts ſtood,
And, where manur'd at all, manur'd with Blood.
Almighty Power felt Pity move his Breaſt,
Bright *Raphael* call'd, and, thus, the Charge addreſt:

" Fly, *Raphael*, fly, before it is too late,
" Preſerve the Remnant, and reverſe their Fate;
" *Britannia*'s Queen to Tenderneſs inclin'd,
" Conceives to *France* a more pacifick Mind.
" Go, *Bourbon* tell the certain Terms of Peace,
" And ſhew the Means to make theſe Evils ceaſe."

The *Seraph* bows, thro' *Æther* cuts his Way,
And leaves thoſe Regions of eternal Day:
And now, to gain, in mortal Shape, Acceſs,
Borrows thy Perſon, ST. JOHN, and Addreſs;

Like

Like BOLINGBROKE, * in all, with Joy he flies,
Youth, Beauty, Shape, Complexion, Voice, and Eyes,
Nor was He injur'd *by the bright Diſguiſe.*
Where warlike *Franks*, from *Sala* and the *Main* †
Tranſported, ſettled round the Banks of *Sein*;
Verſailles aloft, her golden Turrets rears,
And, like Enchantment, the gay Scene appears.
Let Fame no more her *Syrian* ** Gardens boaſt,
Thoſe *Eaſtern Fables*, here, in *Truth* are loſt:
Since Earth was blighted, and by Heav'n accurſt,
This *Eden* only can approach the firſt;
A *new Creation* ſeems in every Part,
And vanquiſh'd Nature is a Slave to Art.
Here thirſty Sands, with plenteous Springs, abound,
And naked Rocks, with verdant Groves, are crown'd;
Fictitious Seas feel a diſſembl'd Tide,
Falſe *Piſons* murmur, and *Euphrates* glide.

* The Lord *Bolingbroke* went privately to *France* to perfect the Peace before it was ſign'd at *Utrecht*.

† The preſent Race of *French* came out of *Germany* from between the Rivers *Sala* and *Main*.

** The famous *Penſil* Gardens of *Semiramis* at *Babylon*.

Here

Here, in his Loſſes great, the Monarch lay,
Like ſome vaſt Pile, majeſtick in Decay:
Stretch'd on his *Tyrian* Beds invited Reſt,
But gloomy Cares diſturb'd his anxious Breaſt;
When the bright Cherub, thus, the Silence broke,
And, with a graceful Air, like *St. John*, ſpoke:

" Attend, O *Bourbon*, and receive thy Doom,
" From *Britain*'s Queen, by Heav'n's Command, we come;
" In Peace let *Auſtria* wear his Iron Crown, *
" And trembling *Lombard* dread his awful Frown;
" His dear bought Lands let crafty *Savoy* keep,
" And, underneath his *Alps*, in Safety ſleep:
" Her Realms, ſecure, let *Luſitania* hold,
" And add *Braſilian* Mines to *Tagu's* Gold:
" By ſtrong Barriers let *Belgia* guarded be,
" And only fear her ancient Foe, the Sea:
" Be this thy FATE, thus *Anne* and *Heav'n* declare,
" This granted, ceaſes the deſtructive War;

* The Emperor as King of *Lombardy* is crown'd with a Crown of Iron.

" Then

" Then, harraſs'd *Gaul* her fertile Head ſhall rear,
" The Sword no longer dread, or Famine fear;
" Then, laſting Friendſhip ſhall theſe Nations join,
" And *Bourbon* be preferr'd to *Auſtria*'s Line;
" His faithful *Spaniards Philip* ſhall enjoy,
" And leave thoſe Crowns to his *Aſturian* Boy.

He ſpoke, the Monarch bow'd his awful Head,
Himſelf collected, and ſubmiſſive ſaid:

" Let *all* be done: The Queen has triumph'd *more*,
" Now by her *Goodneſs*, than her *Arms* before;
" Expecting Nations her Deciſion wait,
" Let her Decrees be mine, and *Europe*'s Fate.

The Bar's remov'd, a welcome Truce ſucceeds,
And, now, no more the valiant *Briton* bleeds:
Ambition, glutted, leaves, at laſt, the Field,
And ſtruggling Nations, to be happy, yield;
Lo! factious Men, with Bluſhes, now, enjoy
Fruits of that Peace, they labour'd to deſtroy;

Their

Their Murmurs ſpent, and all Pretence of Blame,
No *other* Paſſion can ſucceed, but *Shame.*
Whilſt *Harley*'s Breaſt, with conſcious Merit, glows,
His Patience triumphs, and defeats his Foes,
Who ſee that Wiſdom, they oppos'd ſo long,
And own their Folly, to repair the Wrong.

Thus, when in ſearch of Worlds, *Columbus* ſail'd,
Unmov'd he ſtood, when meaner Courage fail'd:
In Seas unknown, freſh Scenes of Horror riſe,
New Dangers frighten, and new Storms ſurpriſe;
Thunders, unheard before, the *Welken* rend,
While, Clouds intire, in dreadful Spouts, deſcend.
The heartleſs Crew ſurrender to their Fear,
No Voice regard, and no Perſuaſion hear;
No Hopes cou'd make, of Empire, or of Gold,
Th' ambitious brave, or avaricious bold;
The gallant Man, to Slaves, a Suitor ſtands,
While Cowards ſcarce refrain their impious Hands;
But, when they ſaw the promis'd World appear,
Their Tranſport, only, cou'd tranſcend their Fear;

On the gay Scene they fixt their raviſh'd Eyes,
While Seas ſubſide, and growing Mountains riſe.
Abaſh'd, confounded, and ſtruck mute, with Shame,
Each ſeem'd his Mate, with conſcious Looks, to blame;
Their humble Necks with low Obeiſſance bent,
Till guſhing Tears gave ſtruggling Accents vent;
Then ſuppliant all, the Godlike Man implore,
And worſhip now, whom they outrag'd before.

Hark! the glad News arrives, Men ceaſe to pray,
And to *Thankſgiving*, turn the *mournful* Day *.
Hark! the loud Engines, fill'd with Nitre, roar,
And tell the Joy, to every diſtant Shore:
Sulphureous Flames, borne on the Wings of Air,
In Heav'n's own Voice, the Gift of Heav'n declare.
Tranſported *Thames*, exulting as he runs,
Imparts the Bliſs to all his Nymphs and Sons;
Twede, oft diſtain'd with *Pict* and *Saxon* Blood,
The *Trent*, and *Ouſe*, both loſt in *Humber*'s Flood,

* *Good Friday*, on which Day the News of the Peace ſign'd, arriv'd.

Avona, famous for her *Tyrian* dye,
The rapid *Severn*, and the gentler *Wye*,
The moſt renown'd of *Weſtern* Nymphs by Fame,
While beauteous *Vaga* was her ancient Name,
To MERLIN known: Oft on her Banks He walk'd,
When, with his Genii, and his Gods, he talk'd;
Oft in her Spings he bath'd, with Viſion fir'd,
And, with prophetick Rage, her Breaſt inſpired:
With Joy ſhe now revolves thoſe ancient Dreams,
And ſummons all her tributary Streams;
The *Cambrian* Nymphs, around, her Call obey,
And wonted Homage, to the Goddeſs pay,
When thus ſhe ſpoke; " Ye lov'd *Silurian* Swains,
" Ye *Fauns*, and Nymphs, who haunt theſe flow'ry Plains,
" Attend my Voice, next *ANNE*, and bounteous HEAV'N,
" My Son, * my HARLEY, has this Bleſſing giv'n;

* My Lord of *Oxford* was born near the Banks of the River *Wye*.

" HARLEY, who now ſucceeds that ancient Race,
" Who bore their Honours by *Matilda*'s † Grace;
" Fate opens now a more extended Scene,
" A greater Subject, and a greater Queen;
" A longer Train of Heroes ſhall be told,
" To wear the GEORGE, and *dignify* the Gold;
" While VERE's extinct, no longer ſhall repine,
" Since thus ſucceeded by their Kindred Line;
" His Conduct, former Errors, has redreſt;
" His Dangers Safety give, his Labours Reſt.
" Torn from the Plough, by Ruffian Hands, no more
" The peaceful Hind ſhall quit his native Shore;
" Behind him leave the Comforts of his Life,
" His helpleſs Infants, and his tender Wife;
" *Britons*, no more, like Slaves, be bought and ſold,
" To daub their Leaders ſhining Veſts with Gold *:
" But now thoſe Hands accuſtom'd to deſtroy,
" Soft Arts of Peace in uſeful Works employ.

† The Family of *Vere* were made Earls of *Oxford* by *Maud* the Empreſs.

* Alluding to the Cuſtom, in the laſt War, of preſſing Landmen, and, when they had their Complement, ſelling them to other Officers who wanted Men.

The

" The *pious* Senate has new Temples * given,
" And the *firſt* Debt they paid, was *that* to *Heav'n*:
" The Spade ſucceeds the Sword, ſee luſty Swains,
" New Quarries ope, and rend their flinty Veins;
" The ſtony *Portland* ſends her pond'rous Blocks,
" For us *Liguria* cuts her Marble Rocks.
" See, the round Domes and Cones affect the Skies,
" While in their Orders rang'd, the Columns riſe;
" The ſturdy *Tuſcan*, with a ruſtick Grace,
" And artleſs Pomp, leans on his maſſy Baſe:
" The graceful *Dorick*, with a manly Pride,
" The neat *Ionick*, deck'd like modeſt Bride,
" Reveals the Beauties, which ſhe ſeems to hide:
" The gay *Corinthian*, next, whoſe wanton Dreſs,
" And *Lais* Air the Courtezan confeſs.
" The Compound various, and by each expreſt,
" Together blends, and repreſents the reſt.
" Now duly pois'd, o'erhangs the well arch'd Vault,
" With bold Relief, and rich *Moſaick* wrought.

* The Parliament at this Time gave Money for building fifty new Churches.

" To

" To make the Marble breathe, and Colours live,
" At once the Chiſſel, and the Pencil ſtrive:
" Here ſuppliant Crouds for *ANNA* Heav'n invoke,
" For *ANNA*'s Life, the new rais'd Altars ſmoke.

" The Merchant now ſhall ſail with every Breeze,
" And fear no Danger, but from Winds and Seas:
" His yearly Fleets, induſtrious HARLEY ſends,
" And unknown Nations makes *Britannia*'s Friends.
" Lo! to the Torrid Zone they joyful ply,
" Leave Fogs behind, and meet a brighter Sky;
" See, o'er their Heads, new Conſtellations ſhine,
" And, void of Shadows, paſs the burning Line;
" Where *Phœbus* Darts direct his pointed Ray,
" And Night, in equal Balance, holds, with Day.
" Thence to the Pole *Antartick*, ſlowly bend,
" Behold the *Croſier* riſe, and *Bear* deſcend:
" Now paſs the *Streights*, by great MAGELLAN found,
" Nor more by him, than our own DRAKE renown'd;

" DRAKE,

" DRAKE, the Succeſſor to his Courſe and Fame,
" To *Britain* juſtly left the ſecond Claim.
" And now our Oaks, in the pacifick Tide,
" With pointed Prowes, the lazy Waves divide:
" *Chileſe*, for fear, no more their Dwellings leave,
" But ancient Foes, like welcome Friends receive;
" In Songs their Olive Nymphs ſound *ANNA*'s Fame,
" And *Ande*'s Rocks, repeat the glorious Name.

" Nor is our Trade confin'd to *Southern* Shores,
" The skilful *Briton*, unknown Seas, explores;
" To *India* cuts a more compendious Way,
" Purſues the Sun, and overtakes the Day:
" Now Spicy Iſles, no more, ſhall uſeleſs be,
" Where *Britons* come, all like themſelves are free;
" One Nation's Avarice ſhall, no more, deſtroy *,
" Left others, what they cannot reap, enjoy.

* The *Dutch* in the *Eaſt Indies*, ſend yearly Soldiers to the uninhabited Spice Iſlands, to cut down the Spice, and fling it into the Sea, that other Nations may not have it.

" See, the glad Sailor range thoſe happy Seas,
" And every Senſe with grateful Objects pleaſe;
" While from each Rock a fragrant Breath exhales,
" And *Eurus* ſans with aromatick Gales,
" While balmy Winds in his ſwell'd Canvas play,
" Without the Magnet ſteer, and ſmell the Way;
" To *Banda*, *Ternare*, and the green *Tidore*,
" *Amboyna* Purple ſtill with *Engliſh* Gore.
" The fruitful Iſle for fragrant Bark eſteem'd,
" Now modern *Ceylon*, ancient *Ophir* deem'd.
" Arriv'd, with Joy he ſtrips the blooming Groves,
" Rakes ſpicy Heaps, and piles the budding Cloves;
" The racy Root, and rich ambroſial Rind,
" With musky Nut, in Husk of Mace enſhrin'd.
" While Fruits delicious, and ſalubrious Air,
" His Strength recover, and his Health repair;
" His Limbs no more ſcorbutick Pains endure,
" At once he finds his Profit, and his Cure.

" Thence

" Thence, to the Realms the yellow *Ganges* laves,
" And purer *Indus* with his ſacred Waves.
" Here, in their Beds the precious Fluids * lye,
" Till *Phœbus* hardens, and imparts the Dye.
" Here, Monarchs high on Thrones, ador'd like Gods,
" While bowing Nations wait their dreadful Nods,
" Of *Britain*'s Queen, with Awe and Pleaſure, hear,
" Her Thunder dread, and Majeſty revere;
" Her Right, o'er Seas, by humble Tribute own,
" And ſend their Jewels, to adorn her Throne †.

" While rolling Orbs their Revolutions keep,
" Tides, flowing ſwell, and ebbing ſink the deep;
" Obſequious wait on the *Meridian* Moon,
" Riſe as ſhe Mounts, and fall when paſt her Noon.
" While Leaden *Saturn* his *ſlow* Courſe ſhall run,
" And deck'd with radiant Ring *creep* round the Sun;

* All Jewels are found to be at firſt Fluids.
† The *Eaſtern* Princes wear no Crowns, but lay out all Expence in adorning their Thrones with Jewels.

" Round golden *Jove*, while *various Moons** ſhall
wheel,
" Alternate hide their Beams, and then reveal:
" While, unattended *Mars* is doom'd to Night,
" Without the Aid of any *borrow'd* Light:
" While Earth diurnal on her *Axe* ſhall roll,
" And ſlow *Bootes* guard the *Artick* Pole.
" While *Venus* ſetting ſhall the *Weſt* adorn,
" And, riſing chace the Stars, and lead the Morn;
" Now *golden* ſeem, then take a *paler* Hue,
" And *Cynthia-like* her *waining* Horns renew.
" While ſcorch'd *Mercurius* feels eternal Steams,
" And hides his *glowing Disk* in *Phœbus'* Beams;
" To diſtant Worlds, ſhall *ANNA*'s Fame be known,
" And BANCHO's Race ſit on the *Britiſh* Throne:
" But, if thro' Doom of unrelenting Fate,
" She, *like to Gods*, muſt yet have *mortal* Date,
" Slow may the Sands of ebbing Life be ſpent,
" Till Heav'n reſumes, what Heav'n has only lent;

* *Satellites* of *Jupiter.*

" May

" May both, ye Powers, of Time one Period know,
" *ANNE* ceaſe to breathe, and *Vaga* ceaſe to flow.

Thus far the Muſe, without Ambition, ſings,
And tunes, to humble Notes her ſlender Strings;
Some nobler Genius, with a Voice ſublime,
Muſt dauntleſs fathom the dark Depths of Time;
Some bolder Muſe, the vaſt Abyſs explore;
The GOD *reſtrains*, and we can ſing no more.

Thou, GRANVIL, only can'ſt this Province fill,
In *Thee* is *Nature*, what in others *Skill*;
LOV'D Son of *Phœbus!* touch thy melting Lyre,
The *Siſters all* attend to fill the Choir;
Thou, *only equal* can'ſt the *Task* ſuſtain,
Immortal ANNE, and her *Immortal Reign*.

FINIS.